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BANNER OF THE COVENANT.

1851.

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"For Christ's Crown and Covenant."

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THE

Banner of the Covenant.

JUNE, 1851.

Theological Discussions.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

BIBLE CLASS QUESTIONS.

[Continued from p. 162.]

Of which do we read first in the Bible, the covenant of works or that of grace? Which was first in being? Since, then, the covenant of grace was or is of eternal origin, the parties contracting must have been eternal? Either, then, the term covenant cannot be properly applied to the provisions of grace at all, or the parties, contracting in an eternal covenant, are themselves eternal persons, are they not? But the covenant of grace is of eternal existence; and Christ and the Holy Spirit are parties in this covenant. Therefore, Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost are eternal personages, are they not? And yet, the grand and astounding feature in the covenant of grace is, that this same eternal Son of God should become man, and live that spotless life which the law required, and suffer that penalty which Adam's breach of the law had incurred, is it not? Does not all this spring from the love of God, as the fontal cause? Is not this altogether the doing of the Lord, and marvellous in our eyes? Oh, marvellous love! Oh, glorious grace!!

But, might not God have been gracious without exacting the penalty? Could he not have pardoned, had he not punished at all? Can God by any means clear the guilty without satisfaction? See example. But if it could accord with the justice and holiness of God to pardon the *guilty without* satisfaction, can it be reconciled with the same attributes, to punish the *innocent to make* satisfaction? Is it natural, that is, does it belong to his *nature* as God, to *hate* sin? Sin, then, is contrary, is it not, to the very *nature* of God? Does it not, then, manifestly flow from his very *nature*, to punish sin? How, now, we ask, could God pass, without punishing, that which his very nature requires to be punished? Therefore, since God *cannot* act contrary to his own nature, is it not altogether unreasonable and improper to talk of God pardoning sin without satisfaction? Does not this very fact, that God cannot pardon sin without inflicting the penalty which his *nature* requires, magnify the grace which comes by laying the penalty upon the innocent? But, had it been as necessary to the nature of God to punish sin in the personally guilty, as it was necessary to his nature

to punish it at all, could any of our fallen race have been saved at all? It was not, then, necessary to the nature of God, that every sinner should bear the penalty of his own sin: but it is necessary to his nature that the penalty of all the sins of all who are saved should be inflicted, is it not? Was it, then, from a necessity of nature, that God laid the penalty on the surety? Had this been the case, would salvation have been of grace at all? And is it because that, whilst the very nature of God could not dispense with the penalty of his violated law, it was his *good pleasure* to lay that penalty on the *innocent* surety, *able and willing* to bear it, that salvation is altogether of grace? Can the *will* of God ever conflict with, or act contrary to, his nature? The truth, then, is this, that whilst it is contrary to the nature of God to pardon without satisfaction, it is not contrary to his nature to take the satisfaction at the hands of a surety? We see, then, do we not, that it is in the very nature of justice to be satisfied with nothing short of its due? But is it equally contrary to the very nature of justice, to require more than its due? Is not that justice which demands the penalty to perfect satisfaction once, a perfectly sufficient guarantee against the exaction of the penalty twice? If, then, the surety for sinners rendered perfect satisfaction for all the sins of all men once, can it accord with the nature of justice that any should bear it for themselves, and that for ever? Shall he not see the travail, the whole travail of his soul, and be satisfied? Is. liii. 11. Does he not, himself, insist upon his right to have them where he is, that they all, whom the Father hath given him, may behold his glory? John xvii. 24.

Which, the covenant of works, or of grace, is *the better covenant*? Is it because the system of grace manifests more gloriously the divine nature and character? Is it, also, because the provisions of the covenant of grace are more secure, even absolutely secure? Is it not, also, because of the dignity of the person of the surety, Christ, that the covenant of grace is, then, the better covenant? Christ, then, is the Mediator of a better covenant? Heb. viii. 6. And, for the above, and like reasons, does it not stand "upon better promises?" As mediator of the covenant of grace, does not Jesus Christ sustain a representative character? In this respect, was he not like Adam? Is he not a better representative than Adam was? Is it because that Adam acted unworthy of the representative principle and honour, and that Christ acted up to its entire provisions, that Christ is a better representative than Adam? But had Adam acted up to the condition of his covenant, would not all his natural posterity have, for ever, reaped the benefit? Now, Christ did, as the representative in the covenant of grace, act up to the entire requirements of both law and justice; but will all mankind reap, for ever, the benefit thereof? If, then, Christ represented, in the covenant of redemption, all mankind, and they will not, as would have been the case, had Adam stood, reap the benefit of the perfect obedience of the surety: how can it be said, after all, that the covenant of grace is, in all respects, the better covenant, and "established upon better promises?" Which, therefore, of the two conclusions *should* we arrive at: that the representation of Christ is worse than that of Adam, had he stood; or, that He did not, as Adam, represent all mankind? There is no room, is there, to hesitate a moment?

[To be continued.]

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH CHURCH HISTORY.

BY THOMAS M'CRIE, D. D., AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE OF DR. M'CRIE," &c.

The last martyrs of the reformation—George Wishart—Walter Mill—Commencement of the reformation—Scotland reformed by her nobles and people—Arrival of John Knox—Demolition of the monasteries.

IN 1539, James Beaton, archbishop of St. Andrew's, the murderer of Patrick Hamilton, died, and was succeeded in the Primacy by his nephew, cardinal David Beaton. This prelate inherited all his uncle's hostility to the reformed doctrine, with even a larger share of his ambition, craft, and cruelty. When James V. died of a broken heart, he forged a will in the name of the deceased monarch, appointing himself governor of the kingdom; and had this policy succeeded, there can be little doubt that he might have arrested, to an indefinite period, the progress of the reformation in Scotland. Some idea may be formed of the wholesale measures which this bloody-minded man had devised for the extirpation of protestantism, as well as of the numbers of the reformed at this period, when it is stated, that before the death of the king, the cardinal had presented him with a list of *three hundred and sixty* of the chief of the nobility and barons, with the earl of Arran at their head, who were suspected of heresy, and doomed to destruction.* A merciful Providence interfered to defeat this atrocious plot. The forgery was discovered; and Arran, who was friendly to the reformation, was elected governor of the kingdom.

Baffled in his bloody and ambitious designs, Beaton retreated, like a chafed tiger, to his castle at St. Andrew's, and, taking the law into his own hand, he sacrificed to his vengeance all the protestants who came within his reach. But the special object of his hatred was Mr. George Wishart, a reformed minister, and brother to the laird of Pitarrow. All the accounts of this martyr transmitted to us, unite in representing him as a person of the most amiable and venerable character. He is described as a tall man of dark complexion, graceful in his person, and courteous in his manners, of profound learning, and remarkable for humility and charity. His piety was so fervent, that he used to spend whole days and nights in prayer and meditation. As a preacher, he had a wonderful command over the feelings of his audience, and many were converted under his ministry. Wishart's popularity, however, was gall and wormwood to those of the Romish clergy who were still attached to their superstition, and especially to Beaton, who tried various plans, for some time unsuccessful, to get them dragged or decoyed into his den. Hearing of his success in Ayr, the cardinal sent the bishop of Glasgow to apprehend him. The bishop, whom Knox calls "a glorious fule,"† found the preacher surrounded by so many gentlemen, that he durst not execute his commission; but he took possession of the church; and the gentlemen having threatened to expel him by force, "Let him alone," said Wishart, who could not endure violence of any kind, "his sermon will not do me kill hurt; let us go to the mercat cross." The bishop's sermon, according to Knox's account, was a very harmless one indeed. "He preached to his jackmen, and to some auld boissess‡ of the town: the sum of all his sermon was, 'They say we sould preach; why not? Better late thrive than never thrive. Haud us still for your bishop, and we sall provide better the next time.'"§

In Wishart's character, piety was beautifully blended with benevolence. He was so liberal to the poor, that he parted not only with his money, but even with his body-clothes, to supply their necessities. The town of Dundee, which was the first of the Scottish burghs that embraced the reformation, having been visited with a severe plague in 1544, he no sooner heard of it,

* Crawford's Lives, p. 79.

† Old Topers.

‡ A vain-glorious fool.

§ Knox's Hist., p. 44.

than he hastened to the scene of death with as much earnestness as others were flying from it. "They are now in trouble, and need comfort," he said; "and perchance the hand of God will make them now to magnify and reverence that word which before, for fear of men, they set at light part." He was received with great joy by the inhabitants; sermon was intimated for the very next day; and as the plague was still raging in the place, he took his station upon the head of the east gate, the infected standing without the gate, and those that were free within; and there he preached to them on these appropriate words in the 107th psalm, "He sent his word and healed them;" adding, by way of paraphrase, "It is neither herb nor plaister, O Lord, but thy word heals all." "By the which sermon," says Knox, "he raised up the hearts of all that heard him, that they regardit not death, but judgit thame mair happie that sould depairt, than sic as sould remain behind." His concern for the bodies of his fellow-men was not less distinguished than his love to their souls. When not preaching, he was constantly employed in visiting the sick, and ministering to the wants of the poor; exposing himself, without fear, to the risk of infection.

But, in truth, the life of Wishart was in greater danger from his persecutors than from the pestilence. One day, as he was descending from his elevated position on the gate after sermon, he observed a man standing at the foot of the stairs, and immediately suspecting his purpose, he laid hold of his hand, saying, "My friend, what would you do?" taking from him, at the same time, a dagger, which he held concealed under his gown. The wretch was so confounded that he confessed on the spot that he was a priest, who had been bribed by cardinal Beaton to assassinate Wishart. The people, on hearing this, would have torn him to pieces, but the good minister took the assassin in his arms, and saved his life. "No," said he, "he has done me no harm, but rather good; he has let us understand what we may fear; in times to come we will watch better."

The singular promptitude and penetration displayed by Wishart on this occasion may be explained on ordinary principles. Knox himself tells us that he marked the priest, "because he was maist scharp of eye and judgment." But the following incident, which occurred soon after, is not so easily explained. When at Montrose, he received a letter, purporting to come from an intimate friend who had been taken suddenly ill, and was anxious to see him before his death. Wishart set out in the company of a few friends, but had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile when he suddenly stopped, and said to them, "I am forbidden of God to go this journey; will some of you be pleased to ride to yonder place, (pointing to a little hill) and see what you find, for I apprehend there is a plot laid against my life." They went to the hill and discovered some sixty horsemen concealed behind it, ready to intercept him. It turned out that the letter was a forgery of the cardinal's, and Wishart once more escaped; but with a presentiment soon after verified, he said to his friends on their return, "I know I shall end my life in the hands of that blood-thirsty man; but it will not be after this manner." "I know assuredly my travel is nigh an end," he said on another occasion, with something like the spirit of ancient prophecy, "but God will send you comfort after me. This realm shall be illuminated with the light of Christ's gospel, as clearly as any realm ever was since the days of the apostles; the house of God shall be built in it; yea, it shall not lack (whatsoever enemies shall devise to the contrary) the very cope stone. Neither shall this be long in doing; for there shall not many suffer after me."

Shortly after this, Wishart was basely betrayed into the hands of the cardinal by the earl of Bothwell, under a pledge of personal safety. He was conducted to St. Andrew's, and after a mock trial, during which he was grossly insulted, mocked at, and even spit upon, by his judges, he was condemned

to the stake as an obstinate heretic. The crimes of which he was accused were, such as denying auricular confession, purgatory, the mass, and other inventions of the Romish church; and he defended himself with great meekness and fidelity. Of one real heresy only did his enemies accuse him, namely, of holding that the souls of men slept, after death, till the resurrection; and of this he was so anxious to clear himself, that he formally disclaimed it at the stake. So determined was Beaton on accomplishing his object, that though Arran, the governor, wrote to him to delay the trial, declaring that "he would not consent to his death until the cause was well examined, and protesting, that if the cardinal should do otherwise, the man's blood should be required at his hands," the haughty prelate, setting all authority at defiance, and without waiting for the sanction of the civil power, proceeded to carry the sentence into effect at his own hand. On the day of execution, the guns of the castle were planted so as to command the street and the scaffold, in case of any attempt to rescue the prisoner; and the front tower of the palace was elegantly fitted up with cushions and tapestry, that there, seated at their ease, the cardinal and his clergy might enjoy the spectacle. That morning the devoted minister was invited to breakfast with the governor of the castle. He replied, "Very willingly, and so much the rather that I perceive you to be a good Christian, and a man fearing God." Bread and wine having been set upon the table, he said, "I beseech you, in the name of God, and for the love you bear to our saviour, Jesus Christ, to be silent a little while, till I have made a short exhortation, and blessed this bread, so that I may bid you farewell." He then spoke about half an hour on the institution of the supper, and the death of Christ; after which, he blessed the bread and wine, and having tasted them himself, distributed them to the governor and his friends. "As for myself," he concluded, "there is a more bitter potion prepared for me, only because I have preached the true doctrine of Christ; but pray for me that I may take it patiently as from his hand." He was then brought out, and fixed to the stake with a heavy chain. The fire was lighted, and the powder fastened to his body exploded. "This flame hath scorched my body," said the sufferer, "yet it hath not daunted my spirit. But he who from yonder high place beholdeth us with such pride, shall within a few days lie in the same, as ignominiously as now he is seen proudly to rest himself." The fire having now been kindled, he was first strangled, and his body was soon consumed to ashes.*

This happened on the 1st day of March, 1546. Nothing could be more unlikely, at the time Wishart uttered this memorable prediction, than that it should be fulfilled. The cardinal himself paid no regard to it; he dwelt securely in his fortified castle; the people of the town were at his command; and he had powerful friends throughout the country. A late writer is so perfectly sure that our ancestors could, in no instance, receive premonitions of future events, that he maintains it to be "more probable" that Wishart was privy to some conspiracy against the cardinal, "than that he should be endowed with the spirit of prophecy."† But is there any thing inconsistent with reason or religion in supposing that God may, on special occasions, such as in times of hot persecution, have granted to his faithful and prayerful servants impressions and forewarnings of coming events, beyond what could be discovered even by "an extraordinary degree of sagacious foresight?" "That the Supreme Being," says Dr. Cooke, "may, in seasons of difficulty, thus enlighten his servants, cannot be doubted." To hold that this opinion is inconsistent with the perfection of the holy scriptures, is to mistake the matter entirely. Our worthies never pretended to be endowed with the spirit of prophecy, in the sense in which this is true of the ancient prophets: they

* Spotswoode, pp. 79, 82; Pitcottie, p. 457; Knox, p. 53.

† M'Gavin's edition of Scots Worthies, i. 37.

did not lay claim to inspiration, nor require implicit faith to be placed in their sayings as divine; they did not propose them as rules of duty, nor appeal to them as miraculous evidences of the doctrines they taught. But they regarded such presentiments as gracious intimations of the will of God, granted to them in answer to prayer, for their own encouragement or direction; and they delivered them as warnings to others, leaving the truth of them to be ascertained and proved by the event.

To insinuate, as some have done, that Wishart—the meek, the unworldly, the beneficent, the tender-hearted and pious Wishart, who repeatedly interceded for the life of his enemies, prayed for their forgiveness at the stake, and kissed the executioner before he did his office—was “privy to the conspiracy” afterwards formed against Beaton, is the strangest exhibition of prejudice which modern times afford. The charge has been revived of late, in a more malignant spirit, by some writers whose sympathies seem to be all in favour of the popish clergy, and with whom, in estimating the justness of the accusation, it is apparently enough to know that Beaton was a bishop, and Wishart a reformer. Some idea may be formed of the credulity, if not the charity, of these gentlemen, when we mention that the whole evidence on which they proceed is a passage in some manuscript correspondence of the period, in which mention is made of “a Scottishman called Wyshart,” who, it seems, had been employed as a sort of go-between, or confidential servant, in some conspiracy formed by Henry VIII. against the life of the cardinal! After what we have stated of the character of Wishart, our readers may be safely left to judge whether *he* was likely to be the person employed on this menial and degrading service, or whether, knowing that such a conspiracy had been formed, he was a man capable of telling it at such an awful moment, for the purpose of being accounted a prophet; as if, after the manner of modern fortune-tellers, he had first acted as a spy, and then pretended to predict what he had discovered! In the hands of writers actuated by such a spirit, or guided by such evidence, no man’s character can be safe, and no man’s memory can be sacred. But “the memory of the just is blessed;” and it is consoling to think that, in this case, as in many others of a similar kind, Providence has preserved materials sufficient to vindicate the character of the reformer, and make the odious charge recoil on the heads of his accusers.*

The truth is, that the plot which had been concerted against the cardinal by Henry VIII. had completely failed, and his assassination was the result of a more private conspiracy which was formed some time after Wishart’s death. This conspiracy, as we are informed by our historians, was first proposed by a hot-headed young man of the house of Rothes, named Norman Lesley, who was instigated by some personal pique against Beaton, and was heard to swear that “these two” (holding out his hand and dagger) “were the two priests that would give absolution to the cardinal.”† With him were associated his

* See an able and triumphant “Vindication of George Wishart the martyr, against Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler,” which appeared in the *Edinburgh Christian Monitor* for 1823, vol. iii. p. 475, where the author shows the absurdity of supposing that a gentleman of Mr. Wishart’s rank and character, the brother of a Scottish Baron, would be designated by his friends “a Scottishman called Wyshart,” and proves, by direct historical testimony, that this person could neither be the martyr nor his brother the laird of Pitarrow. Mr. Tytler attempted a reply in the same periodical (iv. 90,) in which, however, he does not venture to repeat his charge against Wishart, or to answer the arguments of his critic. More recently the charge has been revived by the Rev. C. J. Lyon of St. Andrew’s, who has been satisfactorily answered by the Rev. W. Lothian of the same place. In his *History of Scotland*, Mr. Tytler does not venture to repeat the charge as to Wishart’s share in the conspiracy, though he still insinuates that, from his connexion with the conspirators against Beaton, he must have known of it; it is just as possible that he might not! (Vol. v. 417.) This is pure conjecture. And to attempt fixing such a serious charge on the memory of this venerated martyr of the reformation, merely on conjecture, without adducing a single proof of his implication in the plot, is altogether unworthy of the dignity of history—to say nothing of its impartiality.

† Buchanan, b 15; Spotswoode, p. 82; Pitcottic, p. 483.

brother, John Lesley, William Kirkaldy of Grange, James Melville of Carnbee, and some others, not exceeding twelve persons in all. Early on the morning of Saturday, 29th May, 1546, this small band surprised the castle of St. Andrew's, turned out the attendants, burst into the chamber of the cardinal, and after upbraiding him with his perfidy and cruelty, fell upon him with their swords. He died exclaiming, "I am a priest—fy, fy—all is gone!" The inhabitants of the town, awakened by the terrified inmates of the castle, ran to the palace, eagerly demanding a sight of the cardinal; and the conspirators, in order to satisfy them, exposed his dead body on the very tower from which he had, a few months before, in savage pomp, witnessed the execution of George Wishart.

Far be it from us to vindicate this act of bloody revenge. The rude and unsettled state of the times, and the arbitrary violence of Beaton, who had set the example of acting in defiance of all law in the murder of Wishart, may palliate the irregularity, but cannot excuse the atrocity of the deed.* Viewed as an event in providence, we may recognise in it a just judgment from God on a cruel persecutor; while, at the same time, considered as the deed of man, we condemn the instruments whose passions were overruled for accomplishing it. Beaton died unlamented, as he had lived undesired; and the general feeling as to the manner of his death was expressed in the following couplet of Sir David Lyndsay;—†

"As for the cardinal, I grant
He was the man we weel could want,
And we'll forget him soon;
And yet I think the sooth to say,
Although the loon is weel away,
The deed was foully done."

The martyrdom of Wishart did not arrest the progress of the reformation, nor did the fate of Beaton stop the fury of persecution. New preachers, many of whom had fled from England on the accession of "bloody Mary," supplied the place of those who had been put to death, and converts, both from among the clergy and laity, were daily added to the reformed faith. The inhabitants of Edinburgh, almost in a body, resolved no longer to attend mass, but to make an open separation from the church of Rome, an example which was followed by many others in town and country. In vain did the queen, the widow of James V., who was now regent of the kingdom, try to stem the torrent. The clergy sunk every day in public estimation, and various causes contributed to accelerate their downfall. Instead of setting themselves to reform the notorious abuses of the church, they made an ostentatious display of the most puerile of her ceremonies; instead of prudently bending to circumstances, they rose to a higher pitch of arrogance than ever. The very year of Wishart's martyrdom, cardinal Beaton and the archbishop of Glasgow had a mortal quarrel in that city, the point of dispute being which of their crosses should be carried foremost in a procession. The cross-bearers happening to meet, a scuffle ensued, and they pummeled each other with their crosses, till both were thrown to the ground. Some time after, a momentous controversy arose about the propriety of saying the *pater-noster* to the saints. A monk, called friar Totts, in a sermon preached in St. Andrew's, at the re-

* The History of England records instances of the murder of bishops, much more numerous and more revolting than any similar cases in Scotland. The murder of Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, in the twelfth century, by four English barons—that of Sudbury, archbishop of York, in the next century, by Wat Tyler's mob—of Walcher, bishop of Durham—Ayscoth, bishop of Salisbury, and others, who fell victims to their own ambition, oppression, and illegal practices, might be cited to show that the assassination of Beaton is not without its parallels in prelate England; not to speak of the cold-blooded judicial murders of archbishop Cranmer, and bishops Latimer, Ridley, and Hooper.

† The Scottish poet, whose ingenious satirical poems contributed greatly to the downfall of the Romish clergy.

quest of some doctors in the university, engaged to prove that all the petitions in the Lord's prayer might, with great propriety, be addressed to the saints. "If we meet with an old man in the streets," said he, "we will say, good morrow, father; how much more may we call the saints, *our fathers!* And seeing we grant they are in heaven, we may say to every one of them, our father which art in heaven," &c. This stuff might have gone down a few years before, but the temper of the times had changed; the audience could not refrain from laughter, and the preacher was obliged to leave the town, glad to escape from the persecution of the boys, who cried after him on the street, "Friar Paternoster!" A scene of a different kind occurred in the metropolis. St. Giles, it seems, was the patron saint of Edinburgh, and on his feast-day it was the custom to parade his image through the town, with drums, trumpets, and all sorts of musical instruments. When this day arrived in 1558 (just two years before the reformation,) the clergy resolved to have it observed with all due solemnity, and the queen, fearing a tumult, agreed to honour the scene with her presence. But lo! when the hour of procession arrived, the saint was missing; some evil-disposed person had stolen him out of the receptacle in which he was usually kept. This occasioned some delay, till another image, of smaller dimensions, was borrowed from the Greyfriars, which the people in derision, called "Young Sanct Geill." All now went forward peaceably, till the queen retired to dinner, when some young fellows, provided for the purpose, came forward and offered to assist the bearers of the image. "Young Sanct Geill" was soon jostled off into the street and smashed in pieces. The result was an Edinburgh riot—no jest at any time; and the priests were glad to save themselves by a hasty flight. Down went the crosses; off went the surplices, caps and coronets. "Such an uproar," says Knox, "came never among the generation of antichrist in this realm before!"*

There was only one thing needed to seal the ruin of the popish clergy in Scotland—the continuance of the cruelties by which they endeavoured to put down the opposition they had raised. And, like those beasts of prey whose dying struggles are more formidable than their first attack, popery expended the last efforts of its expiring power in a deed of transcendent cruelty. Walter Mill, an old decrepit priest, who had been condemned as a heretic in the time of cardinal Beaton, but had escaped, was at last discovered by the spies of his successor, archbishop Hamilton, and brought to St. Andrew's for trial. He appeared before the court so worn out with age and hardships, that it was not expected he would be able to answer the questions put to him; but to the surprise of all, he managed his defence with great spirit. He was condemned to the flames; but such was the horror now felt at this punishment, and such the general conviction of the innocence of the victim, that the clergy could not prevail on a secular judge to ratify the sentence, nor any individual in the town so much as to give or sell a rope to bind the martyr to the stake, so that the archbishop had to furnish them with a cord from his own pavilion. When commanded by Oliphant, the bishop's menial, to go to the stake, the old man, with becoming spirit, refused. "No," said he, "I will not go, except thou put me with thy hand; for I am forbidden by the law of God to put hands on myself." The wretch having pushed him forward, he went up with a cheerful countenance, saying, "I will go unto the altar of God." "As for me," he added, when tied to the stake, his voice trembling with age, "I am fourscore years old, and cannot live long by course of nature; but a hundred better shall rise out of the ashes of my bones. I trust in God I shall be the last that shall suffer death in Scotland for this cause." So saying, he expired amidst the flames, on the 28th August, 1558. He was indeed the last who suffered in that cause; and, as Spotswoode observes, his death was the death of popery in this realm. This execution roused the horror of the na-

* Knox. p. 95; Spotswoode, p. 118; Row's MS. Hist.

tion to an incredible pitch. The citizens of St. Andrew's marked the spot on which the martyr died, by rearing over it an immense heap of stones; and as often as the priests caused it to be removed, the sullen and ominous memorial was restored by the next morning. The knell of popery had rung; and Scotland was prepared to start up as one man, and shake itself free of the monster which had, for so many centuries, prostrated its strength, and preyed upon its vitals.

[To be continued.]

Romanism.

THE GROWTH OF POPERY.

The February number of Blackwood's Magazine contains a very strong anti-popish article, from which the following concise account of the errors of Popery, with their dates, have been taken.—ED.

We shall now give the dates, at which the peculiar errors of Popery were ingrafted on the worship of the Roman world. The claim of the *Headship of Christianity* was the first of the Romish errors, and the fount from which they all flowed. But this claim was first formally made in the sixth century, (A. D. 533,) and was established by the Emperor Justinian. But no mortal power had the right to give or to assume this title. The headship of the universal church belongs to Christ alone, who has been made "Head over all things to His church." No human being could be competent to the high duty of governing a church spreading, and to be ultimately spread, through all nations. The government is also *spiritual*, of which no human being of this earth can have a *comprehension*. Its seizure by the Bishop of Rome was an enormous usurpation. In about sixty years after, the title was disclaimed by the Bishop of Rome, in indignation at its seizure by the Bishop of Constantinople; but it was solicited again, in the reign of the Emperor Phocas, (A. D. 606,) and has been ever since retained. It is not to be presumed that this usurpation was universally allowed. God has not left himself without witnesses in any age. Successive opponents of Rome, preachers of the gospel, the true Protestants, arose during the dark ages; and a continued resistance to superstition was sustained for the thousand years of the Popish assumption; until, in the sixteenth century, the recovery of learning, the renewed intelligence of the human mind, the translation of the Bible, and, above all, and acting through all, the mercy of God, restored Christianity to the world in the glorious German Reformation, (A. D. 1517.)

The most visible practice of Popery is *Mass-worship*. This practice commenced early; but we have no direct record of its reception until the *Second Council of NICE*, (A. D. 787.)

Infallibility was too monstrous a conception to be adopted, but in the utter prostration of the general mind. It was, accordingly, first made an article of faith in the very centre of the Dark Ages, (A. D. 1076.) But this claim is so repugnant to reason, so contradictory to the common sense of man, and so palpably overthrown by the vicious conduct of Popes, and the contemptible quarrels of Councils, that, even among the Papists, it has been the most dubious of all doctrines—some of the Popish parties placing infallibility in a General Council, some in a General Council united with the Pope, some in the Universal Church. But those disputes, which no human understanding could ever decide, show only the repugnancy of the doctrine itself to the human intellect.

Infallibility was, at length, by the mere ignorance of knowing where to place it, quietly delivered into the possession of the Pope. He is now presumed to be the *acting* infallibility of the Romish world. Yet, immeasurably absurd as this doctrine is, it is the especial and favourite one on which the Tractarians insist, and by which the apostates attempt to justify their guilty desertion to Rome. Infatuated as they are, they have fixed on the very point where infatuation is most infatuated, and where perversion most degrades the character of the understanding.

The Celibacy of the Clergy.—After several attempts by ambitious Popes, this doctrine, or ordinance, was established by the tyrannical Hildebrand, Gregory the Seventh, in the eleventh century. The parochial clergy had generally married, and they protested long and strongly against abandoning their wives. But the advantage of having the ecclesiastics, in all countries, wholly separated from all connexion with their native soil and native interests, and the fixture of large bodies of men in every kingdom, wholly devoted to the objects of the Popedom, overpowered alike the voice of nature, justice, and Scripture. “Those whom God had joined together” *were* put asunder by man. No act, even of the Papacy, ever produced more suffering or more crime. No act could be politically more injurious, for it withdrew from the increase of the population—in times when population was the great want of Europe, and when half the land was desert—300,000 parochial priests, 300,000 monks and friars, and probably upwards of 300,000 nuns; thus giving up to a life of idleness, and almost total uselessness in a national view, an enormous multitude of human beings annually, down to this hour, through nearly nine centuries! But, to give the true character of this presumptuous contempt of the Divine will, and of the primal blessing of “Increase and multiply, and replenish the earth,” and of the universal custom of the Jewish covenant, in which the priesthood descended by families; we should know the solitary miseries entailed by monastic and conventual life, the thousands of hearts broken by remorse for those rash bonds, the thousands sunk into idiotism and frenzy by the monotony, the toilsome trifling, the useless severities, and the habitual tyrannies of the cloister. Even to those we must add the still darker page of that grossness of vice which, in the ages previous to the Reformation, produced frequent remonstrances even from the Popes, and perpetual disgust among the people.

The Invocation of Saints.—This doctrine first assumed an acknowledged form in the seventh century. It had been gradually making its way, since the dangerous homage paid to the tombs of the martyrs in the third and fourth centuries. But this invocation made them, in the estimate of their worshippers, gods. For the supposition that they heard and answered prayer in every part of the world at once, necessarily implied Omnipresence—an attribute exclusively belonging to Deity.

Transubstantiation.—This doctrine declares that, when the words of consecration have been pronounced over the Eucharist, the bread and wine are *actually* transformed into the *body and blood*, the *soul and divinity* of Christ. This monstrous notion was wholly unknown to the Christians of the first four centuries. In the eleventh century, it was held that the body of Christ was actually present, without directly affirming in what manner. It was not until the thirteenth century (A.D. 1215) that the change of the bread and wine became an acknowledged

doctrine, by the Fourth Lateran Council. This doctrine contradicts the conception of a miracle, which consists in a *visible* supernatural change. It contradicts the physical conception of body, which is, that body is local, and of course cannot be in two places at once; but the body of Christ is in Heaven. It also contradicts Scripture, which pronounces that the taking of the bread and wine would be wholly profitless, but by the accompanying operation of the Holy Spirit acting on the faithful partaker of the sacrament; the language of Christ being—"The *flesh* profiteth nothing. The words that I speak to you, they are spirit." The whole efficacy is spiritual.

The Mass.—Popery declares that in the Mass is offered continually the *actual sacrifice* of Christ. This conception arises from Transubstantiation, by which the Host is Christ; and the priest thus continually offering the Host is presumed to sacrifice our Lord, in every instance of the offering! This doctrine is threefold—that the priest can make God, that flour and water can be God, and that the wafer, which is still but flour and water to the senses, is the Christ of whom it is declared in Scripture that, "having suffered *once for all* for the sins of men, he sat down for ever at the right hand of God." This monstrous doctrine was long disputed, and, though practically adopted, was not confirmed before the Council of Trent, (A. D. 1563.)

The Half-communion.—This doctrine originated also in Transubstantiation. From pronouncing the Eucharist to be actually Christ, scruples arose as to its chances of pollution; and as the wine might be spilt, it became the custom to give only the bread to the laity, in whose mouths it is placed by the priest. But a mutilated sacrament is none. The consequence of this doctrine is, that no Popish *layman* ever receives the Eucharist, or has received it during the last four hundred years!—a most awful and terrible result of human presumption!

Auricular Confession.—By this doctrine, the forgiveness of sin must be preceded by confession to a priest. In contradiction to the whole tenor of Scripture, which declares the forgiveness of sin to depend on sincere prayer for forgiveness, through the atonement of Christ, and on the determination to sin no more: "Come to *me*, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."—"Repent ye, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." But Auricular Confession, with its subsequent Absolution, actually increases crime, by disburdening the mind of remorse, and by substituting absolution for repentance. This practice was established, as a portion of the acknowledged system of Rome, scarcely before the thirteenth century.

Purgatory.—This doctrine was unheard of in the first four centuries. It crept in about the seventh century, the period of the chief corruptions of worship. It was not sanctioned by any council until the fifteenth century, (A. D. 1438.) Its first establishment was by the Council of Trent. This doctrine, which is wholly contradictory to the redemption declared in the Gospel, as resulting from the sufferings of Christ alone; declares that every sinner must be qualified for redemption in part, by undergoing sufferings of his own; that he must be personally punished in Purgatory for his temporal sins, to be purified for Heaven. The doctrine is evidently borrowed from the Heathen ideas of Tartarus. It has not the slightest ground in Scripture, and is totally opposed to the whole spirit and bearing of Christianity.

Indulgences.—This doctrine originated in the combination of Purgatory and Saintship. It held, that the merits of the dead might be applied to the wants of the living; and that these merits, not being required for the redemption of the saints, were preserved in the hands of the Church, to be distributed as remissions from Penance, in the first instance, and in the next, from the terms of suffering in Purgatory. These remissions were sold by Rome under the name of indulgences, and were given for any and every period. These Indulgences extended from a year to ten thousand years. Instances are recorded of their being extended to thirty thousand years! This was the most lucrative portion of the traffic of Rome. It brought in prodigious sums to the Roman Treasury.

Masses for the Dead.—This doctrine was connected with those of Purgatory and Indulgences. By it a succession of solitary masses might be continually carried on, either to relieve the Purgatorial torments, or shorten their duration. But these masses must be paid for either in money or land. They formed the vast funds which endowed the great Roman establishments—the monasteries, &c. Operating on the fears of the dying, the Popish priesthood rapidly possessed themselves of enormous wealth, and, in England, they were calculated to be masters of one-third of the land! The statute of mortmain alone preserved the rest. This prodigious grasp was loosened at the Reformation, and the monkish institutions were deprived of the wealth gained only by superstition. It is obvious how fatally a doctrine of this order must operate on society. If a man could clear himself from the punishment of a life of profligacy by a bequest on his deathbed, his whole responsibility would be removed at once. The fear of judgment would be extinguished throughout his life; he could have no restraint but the arm of society. Masses would be his substitute for morals; and his conscience would be cleared by the acts of others, for years after he was laid in the grave. If masses could avail, there would be no use in living virtue, to any man who was able to *pay for them*. This doctrine, intolerable in the view of common sense, unjust in placing an insurmountable distinction between the rich and the poor, and wholly contradictory to the spirit of the gospel—which commands that “every man shall work out his *own salvation* with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in him, *both to will and to do*”—was created and continued for its vast profits to the priesthood of Rome.

The celebrated Council of Trent, which, under various forms, sat from 1542 till 1563, collected all these doctrines into a *system*, and the subsequent act of Pius IV. gave them in the shape of a creed to the Popish world.

WHAT THE JESUITS HAVE DONE.—You (Jesuits) claim the liberty to instruct. For some centuries you have held in your hands, at your discretion, at your school, under your ferule, two great nations—Italy and Spain, illustrious among the illustrious; and what have you done with them? I am going to tell you. Thanks to you, Italy, of which no one can think nor even pronounce her name without inexpressible filial grief—Italy, that mother of genius and of nations, which has diffused over the whole world the most astonishing productions of poetry and art—Italy, which has taught our race to read, does not to-day know how to read herself! Yes, Italy has, of all the states of Europe, the smallest number of native inhabitants who are able to read!

Spain, magnificently endowed—Spain, which received from the Romans her first civilization, from the Arabians her second civilization, from Providence, and in spite of you, a world—America; Spain has lost—thanks to you, thanks to your brutal yoke, which is a yoke of degradation—Spain has lost that secret of her power which she received from the Romans, that genius in the arts which she received from the Arabs, that world which God gave her. And in exchange for what you made her lose, what has she received? She has received the *Inquisition*. The inquisition, which certain men of a certain party are endeavouring to re-establish with a modest timidity for which I honour them. The inquisition, which has burned upon the funeral pile five millions of men. *Read history.* The inquisition, which exhumed the dead, in order to burn them as heretics. Witness Urgel, and Arnault, count of Forcalquier. The inquisition, which declares children heretics even to the second generation. It is true, in order to console Spain for what you have taken from her, that you have surnamed her Catholic. Ah, do you know you have drawn from one of the greatest of men that dolorous cry which accuses you, "I would much rather that Spain should be great than that she should be Catholic?" See what you have done with that focus of light which you call Italy. You have extinguished it. That Colossus which you call Spain, you have undermined. The one is in ruins, the other in ashes. See what you have done for these two great nations.—*Victor Hugo.*

EXTRACTS FOR THE BANNER.

"He who cannot find time to consult his Bible, may one day find that he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray, must find time to die; he who has no time to reflect, is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance, will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail."—*Hannah More's Christian Moral.*

"There is nothing more certain than death—nothing more uncertain than the time of dying. I will, therefore, be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time—must come one time or other. I shall not hasten my death by being still ready, but it will sweeten it. It makes me not die the sooner, but the better."—*Warwick's Spare Moments.*

EPITAPH ON FOUR CHILDREN, IN HUXTON CHURCHYARD, NEAR CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

Bold Infidelity! turn pale and die,
Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie;
Say, are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinned because they're here:
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear;
Reason, ah! how depraved—
Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied,
They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus died.

Poetry.

"THE DYING BOY."

[From a Lady's Album.]

It must be sweet in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin
And sorrow, to garner up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven summers,

And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away
And sought his chamber to lie down and die,—

'Twas night—he summoned his accustom'd friends,
And in this wise bestowed his last request:

“Mother—I'm dying now!

There's a deep suffocation in my heart,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;

And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand;

My lips grow dry and tremulous, my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death?

Mother—your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist,

And place the other thus, beneath my head;

And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,

Shall I be miss'd?

Never beside your knee

Shall I again kneel down at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay

Which you have taught me.

Oh! at the time of prayer

When you look round and see my vacant seat,

You will not wait then for my coming feet,

You'll miss me then.”

“Father—I am going home:

To the good home you've spoken of, that blessed land

Where it is summer always, that bright land

Where storms can never come.

I must be happy then:

From pain and death you say I shall be free,

That sickness never entered there, and we

Shall meet again.”

“Brother—the little spot

I used to call my garden, where long hours

We've staid to watch the budding things and flowers,

Forget it not!

Plant there some box in pine,

Something that lives in winter, and will be

A verdant offering to my memory,

And call it mine.”

“Sister—my young rose tree,

That all the spring has been my pleasant care,

Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,

I give to thee:

And when its roses bloom,

I shall be gone away, my short life done;

But will you not bestow a single one

Upon my tomb?”

Now, mother, sing the tune you sang last night;

I am weary and must sleep,—who was it called my name?

Nay, do not weep, you'll all come soon.”

Morning spread o'er the earth her rosy wings,

And that sweet sufferer, cold and icy pale

Lay on his couch asleep; the gentle air

Came through the open windows, freighted with

Balmy odours of the early spring.

He breathed it not; the laugh of passers by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But hindered not his slumbers.

He was dead!

The Family Circle.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

A Bishop, who had for his arms two thrushes with the motto, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" thus explains the matter to an intimate friend:—

"Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillingen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up some sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper berries, and carry them to a neighbouring distiller, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He was quite aware it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often spent the whole day thinking, whilst he was gathering the juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster in the hope of getting some lessons. One day when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for. The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of thrushes, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

"The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two thrushes. He put them in the basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master.

"'A present, my good boy!' cried the schoolmaster; 'you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides.'

"'I would rather give them to you sir, if you please,' said the boy.

"The schoolmaster looked at the boy who stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trousers that reached only half-way down his naked legs. 'You are a very singular boy!' said he; 'but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you, as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there any thing I can do for you?'

"'Oh, yes!' said the boy, trembling with delight, 'you can do for me what I should like better than any thing else.'

"'What is that?' asked the schoolmaster, smiling.

"'Teach me to read,' cried the boy, falling on his knees. 'Oh, dear, kind sir, teach me to read!'

"The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at his leisure hours,

and learned so rapidly that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman residing in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in mind as in birth, patronized the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities; and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honours, he adopted two thrushes as his arms."

"What do you mean?" cried the Bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the Bishop, with a smile, "that the poor boy was MYSELF."

Children's Department.


PRACTICAL HALLOWING OF THE LORD'S DAY.—A Frenchman was at Iona on the Sabbath, the 26th of June, and, wishing a boat to convey him to Staffa, found it impossible to obtain one on that day. The usual price is six or seven shillings; and he actually raised his offer until the bribe of three guineas—nine times the common fare—became too strong for a couple of the boys. But, after they had put off in their boat, a relative stood upon the shore, and, assisted by the poor fellows' own consciences, persuaded them to return. When it is considered that employment, at one shilling per day, is eagerly sought and obtained with difficulty, and that these poor lads sacrificed "sixty days' wages" for a few hours' work on the Lord's day, I must say that it is an example which deserves to be quoted and remembered. The man's name, who called the boys back, was Neil Macdonald. Not a boat could be obtained at any price in Iona, though the foreigner finally succeeded in getting one from the Ross of Mull. Two years ago the islanders gave another proof of their reverence for the Sabbath in refusing to open the ruins for the grand duke Constantine on that day.

THE REASON WHY.—A little fellow came running into the house, exclaiming, "O, sister Mary, I've such a pretty thing. It's a piece of glass, and it's all red. When I look through it, every thing looks red too; the trees, houses, green grass, and your face, and even your blue eyes."

"Yes, John," replied Mary, "it is very beautiful; and let me show you that you can learn a useful lesson from this pretty thing. You remember the other day you thought every body was cross to you. You said father, mother and I were all the time finding fault with you. Now you were like this piece of glass, which makes every thing red, because *it* is red. You were cross, so you thought every body around you was cross too. But when you get up in the morning in a good humour, loving and helping every body, they too will seem kind and loving toward you. Now remember, brother, and always be what you wish others to be—kind, gentle, loving; and they, seen through the beautiful colour of your disposition, will seem more beautiful than ever."

JUVENILE SCIENCE.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.—When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser.—When I see a boy or girl always looking out for himself or herself, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.—When I see boys and girls often quarrelling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

 This number is issued during the absence of the editors at Synod, and it is hoped that our readers will excuse any imperfections.

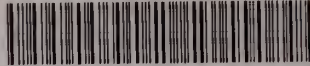
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